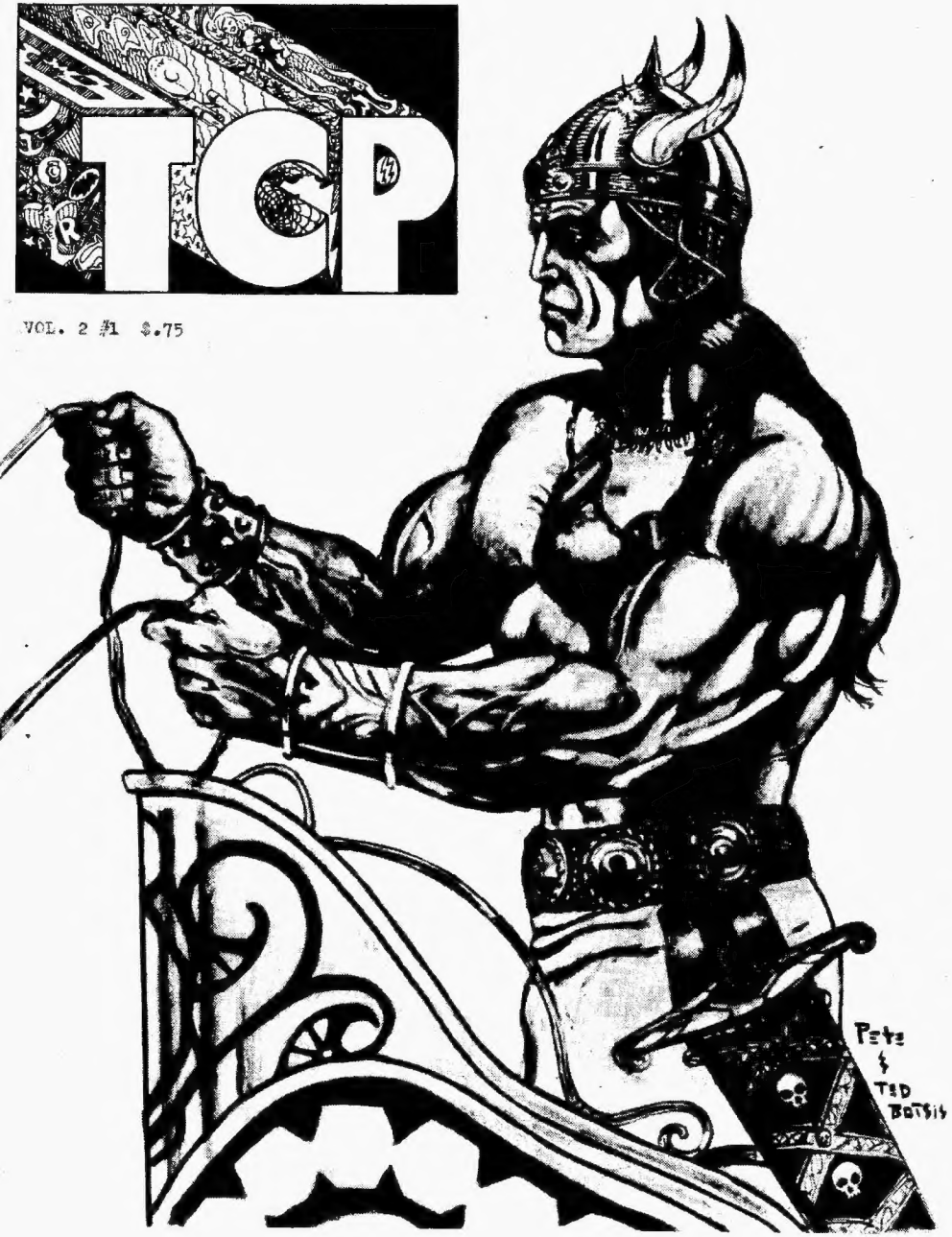
TCP

VOL. 2 #1 $.75



JIM ROHN '74

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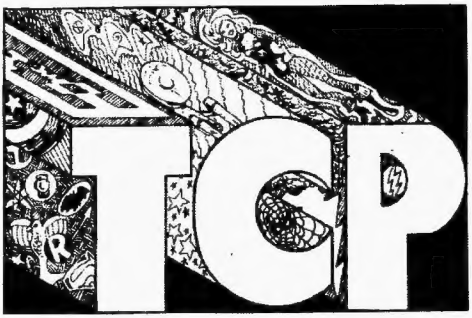

Vol. 2 #1 Summer 1974 Issue

THIS ISSUE'S CONTRIBUTORS

Pete Botsis	Chuck Melville	Craig Russell
Ted Botsis	David Heath Jr.	Rod Snyder
Mercy Van Vlack	Jim Rohn	Michael Gustovich
Jim Garrison	Joe Staton	Jim Main
Kevin Cook	Tom Condello	Ed Oldfield
John D. Hemmings	Val Meyerick	

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THE COMIC PRESS Vol. 2 #1, Fall 1974 issue. Published Quarterly by Russell Condello. 34 Burt Street, Rochester, New York, 14609. Phone: (716) 342-9893. Single issue: 75¢: one year sub. (4 issues) $3.00. Dealer's rates available. Ad rates on arrangement. Entire contents @ Copyright 1974 by Russell Condello. Nothing contained herein may be reproduced without written permission from the publisher.

EDITORIAL

Yeah, this is one of those "skip" pages of another "average" FANzine. Ah, well, I cannot FORCE you to read it, CAN I?

No, I'm not gonna go into the old routine, thanking all those people who helped with contributions to this issue like Marcy Van Vlack, Ted Botsis, Jim Rohn, Kevin Kook, Jim Garrison, John Hemmings, Michael Gustovich, Chuck Melville, Jim Main, and David Heath Jr., among others, or will I say how really great NEXT issue will be (be here to see for yourself; you won't be sorry!). Nope, to see I guess you're gonna just have to order the next copy (or subscribe!) to find out!

This is the first T.C.P. issue under my editorialship, and I have no back issues to sell. I will continue to sell this issue, however, until sold out. (Yeah, that means T.C.P. Vol.2 #1 will be available while supply lasts to those of you who are speculators, and those of you who managed to miss this terrific 'zine when it came out, but will miraculously manage to get your paws on it in the future! My personal thanx to all of you who paid CASH money for a copy of this issue (and to the advertisers), for, without you, there could not possible have been a T.C.P.!

My word is my bond, so here's your plug: S. F. Sutherland is trying to get a sort of a non-profit clearing house going for fans to correspond with each other, and to which it costs nothing but postage to join. If interested write her at: Sandra F. Sutherland, 5529 Queensberry Avenue, Springfield, Virginia 22151 (and don't forget to send her a stamp for postage).

Now, about our HUGE stockpile of contributions I have on hand for next issue. Where is it? Yes, we need GOOD, well written articles, regular columns, interviews (both real and fictional), short stories, etc., from those of you who are talented writers. We also need good art. (Artists please write BEFORE sending material for important info; writers: no need to write first - just send material and, if accepted, it will be printed in the next available issue - if you wish it returned after printing, please add enough for postage.)

CONTRIBUTORS: remember, if you get something printed in T.C.P., you will receive a free copy of the issue your work appears in. Also, if you desire to do so, you may order extra copies at cost. Now, contribute already!

A reminder: send all letters and other forms of communication to me, this editor, at address on page 3. Next issue our letters column will start if enough of you write!

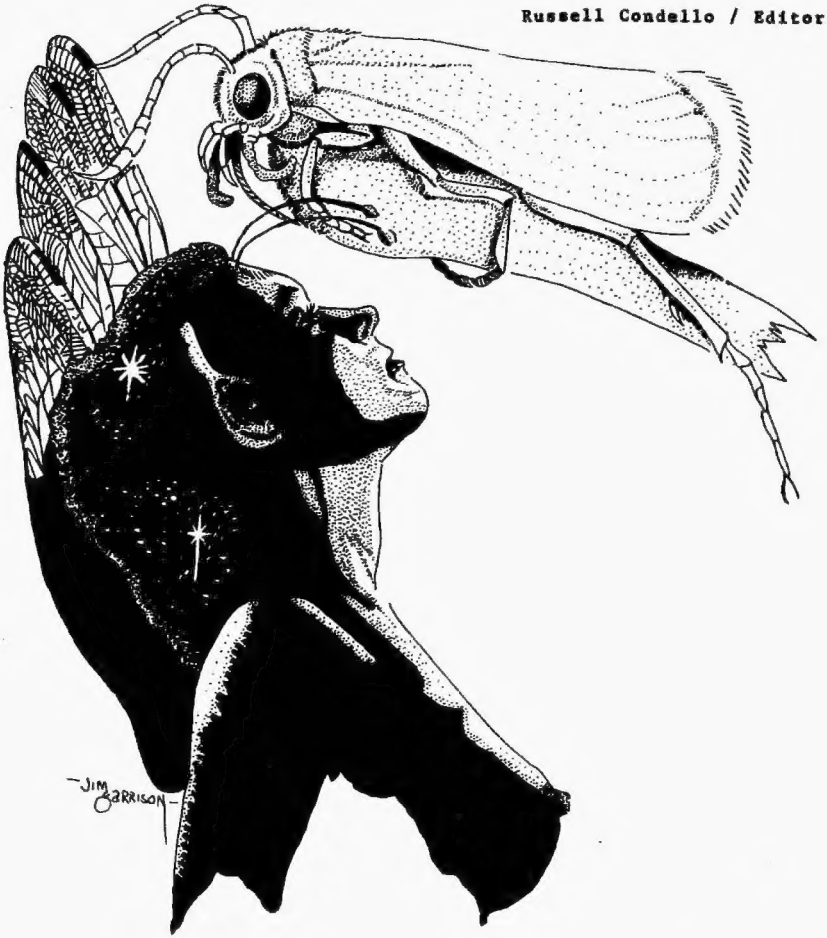
What's that you say? Oh, you noticed the illoe on this page? Is THAT what made you read this whole, boring Editorial? You mean, if it wasn't

what made you read this whole, boring Editorial? You mean, if it wasn't there then you wouldn't have read it? Wow, whatta relief, I thought I had to write one of these blammed things EVERY issue! Now, all I have to do is remove the picture, and POOF, no more editorial! Wha..? No? !#@?#! Now, if anybody HAS read this column, let me know, along with your comments concerning the rest of this issue!

Next issue's editorial will, hopefully, not be quite as long, I'll do my best to keep it short and to the point. Now, on toward the rest of the 'zine that will make history!!

Best, Russ

Russell Condello / Editor



Being Without Flaw

kevin cook

BEING WITHOUT FLAW

By Kevin Cook

The vessel seemed to quiver as it slowly descended to the Earth. A small ship compared to some of Earth's flying craft, but it still had an awesome magnificence about it. There seemed to be something fantastic contained in this module.

The bullet shaped craft finally landed, making no sound whatsoever. The long metallic vessel simply lay there for a moment, then began to shake with a pulsating flow. Like the metamorphosis of a lifeless, colorless cocoon to a beautiful, fresh and alive butterfly, the silver plated craft writhed, writhed as if in pain - pain like that of a caterpillar's transformation. A transformation into something better!

Good things come in small packages. The embryonic change is completed. Where once lay a dull, lifeless cocoon, now lies the equal of a newly transformed butterfly. Still metallic in appearance, the being lying still on the patch of ground has a strange, powerful superiority about it. The facial features are much like a man's - eyes - nose - mouth - but, are oh so much better! The physique is exciting - through the glittering metallic covering we can see a stupendous muscular pattern - a pattern of sheer perfection. Truly a body without flaw ...

Walking down a narrow country path the superbeing appears to be contemplating, pondering his mission. The brain waves - the thoughts! In such rhythmic, complete, nearly incomprehensible thoughts - "The last of a long dead but super-intelligent perfect race; MISSION: Investigate the planets in the Larkenian galaxy beginning with Burlose. All imperfect forms must be destroyed. In order for you to rebuild our race, there must be no failures!" Surely this reminder was unnecessary. How could such a terrific being not succeed?

The chimney emittad beautiful white puffs of smoke. Chickens nibble on grain while the old milk cow grazes in the nearby field. The shack is rundown to a point of disrepair. The once white pickett fence now barely stands with a lifeless imperfectness.

An old crippled man props himself with his cane as he walks toward the weather worn door of his shack. He whistles an old tune as he happily goes about his way. On a hilltop the superbeing stands, peers and listens - such a primitive organism he spies and such a foolhardy sound the creature emits After the old man has entered his "abode" the superbeing decides it is time for the first stage of investigation.

The cow contentedly eats grass in the field. The chickens feed on the grain. Two large, staring eyes glare in a form of "anger" at these animals. How could such a primitive and useless lifeform exist? Why should such a grotesque and utterly imperfect lifeform be allowed to live? As an expert marksman would, the superbeing takes his stance, aims an odd looking powerful pistol weapon and fires. The cow is covered in a multicolor light and

immediately disappears, making no sound of pain. The peaceful chickens share the same fate, again feeling no pain. A perfect life-form would plan it that way.

The crippled man slowly walks across the worn floor to the fireplace. His gnarled hand strikes a long match and lights the tender brush.

"Ah," says the old man, "just what's needed on a chilly day like this." He feels his way to a chair and picks up his accordian. Sweet music fills the shabby little house, mixing with the pleasantness of a roaring fire. Oh, such a perfect, beautiful scene!

"Music is good fer you," speaks the old man, reaching down to pet his dog. "Wouldn't you say, Charles? Yep, even makes ol' Bessy give more milk." Peering out the window, the old man looks for Bessy. No cow to be seen in the small, fenced in area, so the old one sets out to investigate.

"Bessy?" No answer. "Bessy?" No answer. Bessy wouldn't leave. There is no need to leave. The cow had been faithful for many of the old man's years. It was contented here.

The old man "runs" as best as possible in his crippled condition to the door where stands the superbeing.

"I have been surveying you," the superbeing speaks in perfect English, translated through one of the many flawless devices installed within his metallic frame. "You are one of the few imperfect organisms I have observed in my mission. This planet contains beings of totally illogical habits - They serve no purpose. You are in awe of me."

"I ... never ..."

"A being of flawless quality would never find itself incapable of expressing itself. You know not the meaning of my visit."

"N-No."

"No matter. You have proven yourself imperfect. I am the last of a dead race programmed to investigate this planet and destroy those who do not meet the standards of perfection in order for me to rebuild my race. You do not meet these requirements. You must be destroyed."

The superbeing raises the pistol weapon.

"Wait!" screams the crippled man. "What did you do with my Bessy?"

"Bessy does not compute. You must be destroyed."

Regaining his "cool" somewhat, the gnarled old man replies,"And you call yourself perfect. What gave you the right to do away with my Bessy?"

"Bessy does not compute. I am perfect. You will be destroyed."

"Seems to me something perfect would be able to'compute' what Bessy is."

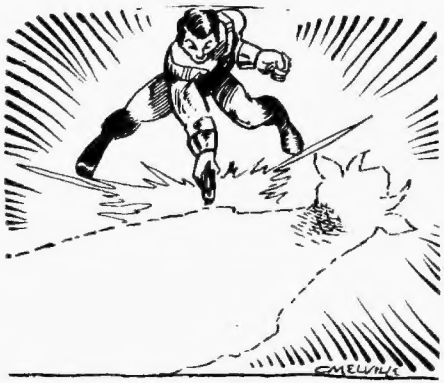
"It is not necessary to do so. Bessy is an obvious imperfect organism."

"Nothin' is per-fect. God didn't make anything perfect!"

"I am without flaw. I must destroy you. You are imperfect..."

"What gives you the right to judge? You'll end up killin' everythin' everywhere cause nothin's perfect!"

"A world without imperfect beings is necessary for me to rebuild my race. It is necessary for this world to be without such atrocities so my mission will not be interrupted. This planet will sustain me until my flawless race is rebuilt."



In a fit of rage, the old man lifts his sturdy shaft, ready to attack. The cane comes within a fraction of the visitor's body and is repelled. It is engulfed in a multicolor light and sent into blazing fire. Without this support, the surprised old man slumps.

"You have displayed more irrational behavior. Such an attack was unnecessary. You will be annihilated. Now."

A knock. A neighbor at the door.

"Jake?" "Jake, you here?" The being moves behind the door, tenses, sends a telepathic message to Jake, the old man: "You are under control. You will do only as I command. You will not reveal me or help your visitor.

"C-Come in."

"Good day to ya, Jake. Say, I was plowin' earlier and I seen somethin' - some kinda U.F.O. ya hear about. What about that, Jake? I tell ya, it hovered and floated like one of them hel--i-copters. I know what yer thinkin', Jake. I'm old - probably just imagined it. Yep, probably just imagined it."

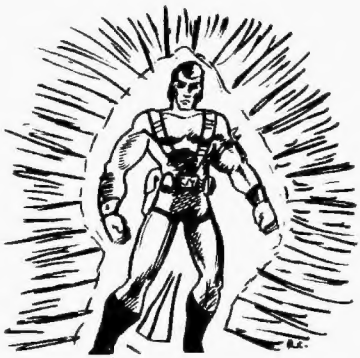
"Yep, the sun was probably playing tricks on yer eyes."

"Yeah, but it was still kinda strange. Seemed to land. Hope none of them there little green men are gonna take us over. Heh, heh. Huh, Jake?"

"Little green men," spoke the metallic figure, "Do not exist." The neighbor turned, saw the being and his eyes became the size of silver dollars. What he saw was no little green man, but obviously some sort of U.F.O. man.

"You are the same form of being as "Jake", therefore it follows you possess imperfect characteristics. You are frightened of me. Fear is

an imperfect quality. You, too, will be destroyed."



"Wait!" Jake screams. "You were supposed to be controllin' me! You have failed!"

"F-Failure is impossible for me to achieve. I am perfect."

"You studdered! You hes-i-ta-ted to speak! That's a flaw if I ever saw one!"

"I was sent to the planet Burlose to destroy all imperfect lifeforms."

"Burlose?" questioned Jake. "This is Earth!"

"This is not Burlose?" asked the superbeing. I will check my instruments."

A humming sound blares out, then fades.

"This planet," speaks the superbeing, "Is composed of a chemically unstable atmosphere capable only of sustaining animal life ... plant life does not exist here. This verifies that this planet is Burlose."

"You've made a mistake, my friend. In fact, a whole bunch of mistakes. You say you're perfect. If that's true, why did your race die? if ya'll had been perfect, you woulda lived. And, what do you think a plant is? This," Jake holds up a potted flower, "is a plant. Your instruments'll show it. This is not Burlose 'cause this planet has plants. And, if ya had been perfect, you coulda' held my mind when you were gonna kill my friend, but you didn't! You're imperfect! Flawed! You're ..."

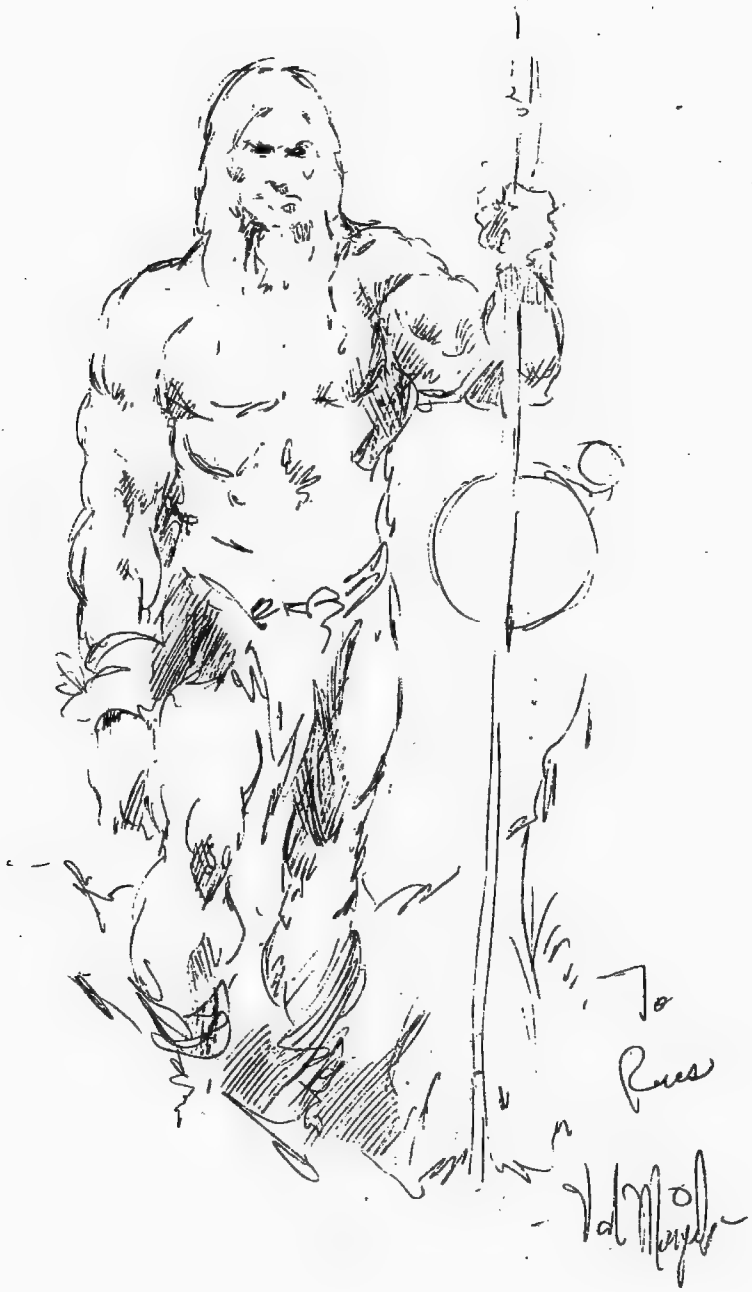
"Imperfect?" questions the being. "Flawed? I am incapable of error! I have nev-er failed - my race died be-cause of im-per-fect-ness? I am ... failure! Failure! Failure! Terminate imperfection!"

The being is engulfed in a crimson cloud and is gone ... The "perfect" being is dead.

"What happened?" asked the neighbor. "What ...?"

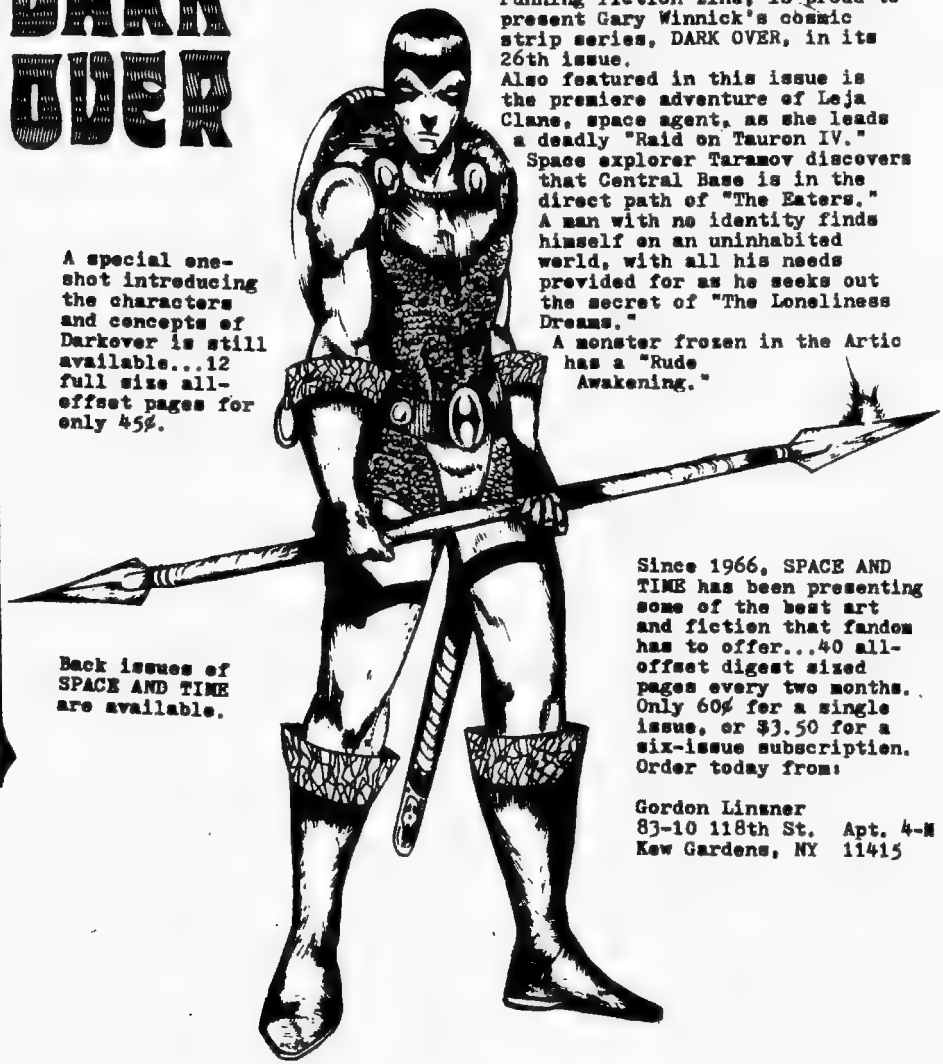
"Make yourself comfortable, friend. Not sure if it really happened, but it's a loong story."

JUST LOOK! IT'S DISGUSTING! LITTER ALL OVER SPACE!
PAPERS, BOXES, CANS! IT'S GETTING SO YOU CAN'T FLY THRU SPACE ANY MORE W/ OUT SEEING JUNK
DISGUSTING, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. DISGUSTING - AND IT'S ALL THE SANITATION DEPARTMENTS' FAULT!
REALLY, THEY SHOULDN'T PUT THOSE LITTER CANS IN SPACE!
DAVID HEATHER


To
Russ

SPACE AND TIME PRESENTS:

DARK OVER



SPACE AND TIME, fandom's longest running fiction zine, is proud to present Gary Winnick's cosmic strip series, DARK OVER, in its 26th issue.
Also featured in this issue is the premiere adventure of Leja Clane, space agent, as she leads a deadly "Raid on Tauron IV."
Space explorer Taramov discovers that Central Base is in the direct path of "The Eaters."
A man with no identity finds himself on an uninhabited world, with all his needs provided for as he seeks out the secret of "The Loneliness Dreams."
A monster frozen in the Artic has a "Rude Awakening."

A special one-shot introducing the characters and concepts of Darkover is still available...12 full size all-offset pages for only 45¢.

Back issues of SPACE AND TIME are available.

Since 1966, SPACE AND TIME has been presenting some of the best art and fiction that fandom has to offer...40 all-offset digest sized pages every two months. Only 60¢ for a single issue, or $3.50 for a six-issue subscription. Order today from:

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THE RAC

10. Superb	5. Fair
9. Great	4. Poor
8. Very Good	3. Bad
7. Good	2. Worthless
6. Fairly Good	1. _____

THE RAC is TCP's version of a review column. We will review any item relating to fandom (fanzines, prozines, etc.) but will not specifically recommend that you buy or not buy any particular item. If you have any item you would like reviewed, just send a copy of it to TCP REVIEWS/THE RAC: 34 Burt Street, Rochester, N. Y. 14609. THE RAC has a readership of over 250 at present and will expand as does TCP.

A FEW THINGS TO REMEMBER: All fanzines, etc. reviewed in this column are 8 1/2 x 11" with offset printing and wrap-around binding, unless otherwise noted. The only reason for THE RAC is as a general service to fandom. If you appreciate our service, you can show us your support in the following ways: 1) If you order a particular item because of our review, please mention THE RAC when you order; 2) By subscribing to TCP; 3) By giving us your advertising support (write to the editor for ad rates); and 4) By writing to us with your comments of THE RAC.

ONE LAST ITEM: Our review is based on a number code, as printed above. It takes into account price, quality of printing and material contained within, and overall appeal. The publisher of any item we review will be given up to 100 words of FREE space to rebut his review, if he choses to do so, providing his review received less than a "7" rating. All rebuttals MUST be in our hands at least 5 days before deadline of next printed issue. Thanx for listening and now onward to the reviews!

R. A. Condello/Editor

THE MONSTER TIMES #35-32 tabloid pages printed on newsprint. Order from TMT, P. O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N. Y. 10011. $6.00 for 12 issues.

This issue spotlights Godzilla and the rest of the Japanese Monsters (Rodan, Nothra, etc.), in an interesting article, also some Horror movie reviews, an article about the Supernatural Superheroes of the comics, a con-calendar, classified ads and more! And, it's in two-color (red and yellow besides black and white)! A nicely put together prozine, and we give it a: RATING 9

ATLAND-ADVERTISER #12-12 8 1/2 x 11" stapled pages. Ad-zine. Order from Michael Smith, P. O. Box 1039, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201. 60¢ per copy.

An ad-zine with a different idea. Instead of charging for ads, it gives them out, free of charge, to subscribers (a subscriber is allowed to advertise as much as he likes, even every issue, but the amount of ad space he receives depends upon the demand for ads in any particular issue).

To my knowledge, no other publication has tried out this method of publication before, but for a publication of this sort to succeed, it needs subscribers who are willing to purchase as well as sell merchandise. Is fandom ready for this sort of 'zine? Only time will tell.

In Summary, if you want to buy of sell fandom's products, this is as good a place as any. If you don't, then this 'zine is not for you.

RATING 8

MEDIASCENE #10 $1.50 double issue - 36 tabloid pages on high quality newsprint. Order from SUPERGRAPHICS, Box 445, Wyomissing, PA. 19610.

A nicely put together proxine by Steranko and gang. This issue is an all Sci-Fic issue, featuring a well written article on the Planet of the Apes movie serial, complete with pictures, sci-fic book reviews, sci-fic on TV, also the regular info on upcoming events from MARVEL and D.C. to GOLD KEY and CHARLTON, with the usual introduction by Steranko and a full page pin-up of his art, not to mention the center-fold and MORE! Well worth the $1.50 for it if you even remotely like the Steranko style.

RATING 10

THE BUYER'S GUIDE #65 $3.00 for 1 year subscription (24 issues) - tabloid on newsprint. Order from Alan Light, Dynapubs Enterprises, RR 1 Box #297, East Moline, Ill. 61244.

This issue sports a red color cover by J. Barrison, the 1974 New York con highlights, with picts., the normal TBG columns and ads and the second in a series by SHAZAM artist, C. C. Beck. This 'zine is the heart of fandom. And if you don't get it you cannot truly say that you are part of fandom. Also, this is THE place to go when you want to buy or sell as it is printed bi-weekly. The cost of each issue separately is 50¢ but with subscription costs only about 12¢. One of the better buys around lately.

RATING 9

THE JOURNAL #13 $2.00 per year subscription (12 issues) tabloid on newsprint. Order from TJ Box 1286, Essex, Ontario CANADA.

Now in its second year, THE JOURNAL is second only to TBG. It has a full page cover, some interesting articles and ads. Soon to be printed bi-weekly, if you don't get TBG then you should get this. Even if you do, it's well worth the cost.

RATING 8

RB & CC #112 $4.00 for 4 issues. Order from the S.F.C.A., 9875 S. W. 212 Street, Miami, Florida 33157.

One of the oldest continuously printed fanzines around, printed on heavy stock white paper with color cover. This 'zine, though with a reputation of being an ad-zine, is anything but that. 92 pages of fine articles, columns, and what have you. One issue is almost worth

the sub. price alone, while you still have three (3) more coming! We feel that this 'zine is one of the best and rate it accordingly.

RATING 10

THE GODS OF MOUNT OLYMPUS #1-3 - 16 tabloid pages each on high quality newsprint. $1.00 each. Order from Quintessence Publications, P. O. Box 5246, Spokane, Washington 99205.

The first is entitled "The Beginning of All Things," the second "Zeus and Prometheus" and the third "Apollo and Artemis"; all art is by "E-Man" artist Joe Staton and is beautifully done. If you like the ancient Greek Gods you'll love these well done adaptions. Well worth its price tag.

RATING 9

COMIC ART NEWS AND REVIEWS-#20 Order from John Balge, 28 Admiral Rd., Kitchner, Ontario, Canada. $2.00 for 12 issues.

This 'zine has a lot to offer for an 8 page offset 'zine. First, a nice cover by Gene Day, an interesting article on Deathlok, Marvel's newest superhero, by Dave Sim, and a cute little strip by him entitled "Fan" with the spotlight on "Disney Comics in the Seventies" by Stan Molson, complete with cover repros. Yes, a fine little 'zine with well wiritten articles, all typeset. At about 17¢ the copy, one of the best fanzine buys today...anywhere. (See his ad in this issue).

RATING 10

SPACE AND TIME #26 $.60 8 1/2 X 5 1/2 offset wraparound. Order from Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th Street, Apt. 4-M, Kew Gardens, New York 11415.

This is a nice, friendly 'zine, with some nice art and articles. It features a Dark Over strip and an adventure story entitled "The Raid on Tauron IV." Both are well done and deserving of credit. Besides those two pieces, a short story called "The Eaters" was there. Another well written story illustrated by Brent Anderson. This issue also contains a few other short stories that I will not mention here, but they, too, are well done. A nice 'zine, which is probably why it is still around.

RATING 9

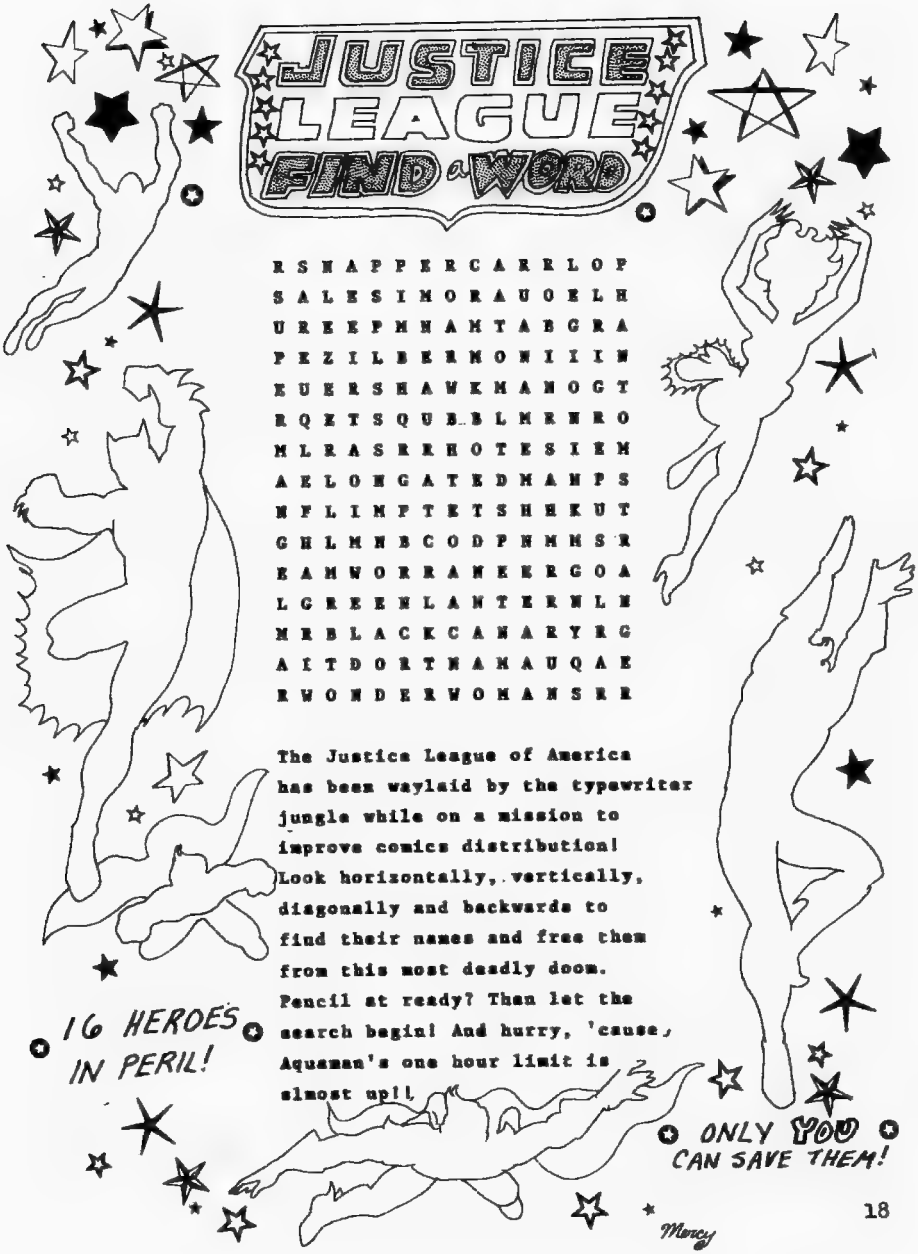
That is all the reviews this go-around has to offer, sorry. We had many more 'zines deserving of recognition, but do not have the space. Next is us you will see more, and we would like your opinion of this issue's reviews. Write to address given at beginning of this column.

there's a thousand planet for a very cheap price.
yes. very cheap. nice place to start and hi-ways so cheap.
that does it!
wait! the marvelous courier he took so many pics...
let me look. it over please.
hmm...
ah-ah! no wonder it is so cheap!
terrific!

COMICS ARE A SERIOUS BUSINESS, GANG!
STATON

mercy

TO RUSS,
FROM
CRAIG RUSSELL


JUSTICE LEAGUE
FIND a WORD
R S H A P P E R C A R R L O F
S A L E S I M O R A U O E L H
U R E E P M H A M T A E G R A
P E Z I L E E R M O W I I I M
E U E R S H A W K M A M O G T
R Q E T S Q U E B L M R M R O
M L R A S R R H O T E S I E M
A E L O M G A T E D M A M P S
M F L I M P T E T S H H K U T
G H L M M B C O D P M M M S R
E A M W O R R A M E E R G O A
L G R E E N L A N T E R M L M
M R B L A C K C A N A R Y R G
A I T D O R T M A M A U Q A E
R W O N D E R W O M A N S R R
The Justice League of America has been waylaid by the typewriter jungle while on a mission to improve comics distribution! Look horizontally, vertically, diagonally and backwards to find their names and free them from this most deadly doom. Pencil at ready? Then let the search begin! And hurry, 'cause, Aquaman's one hour limit is almost up!!
16 HEROES IN PERIL!
ONLY YOU CAN SAVE THEM!
Marcy

THE COMIC WRITER

THE COMIC WRITER is a ditto 'zine published approx. every six weeks. It features checklists, reviews & articles on your favorite heroes. Starting in THE COMIC WRITER #4 will be Stan Morris' SPECULATIVE TRENDS which is a graphing of the rise and fall of comic books prices every two weeks.

FOR $1.00 WE WILL SEND YOU ISSUES 1-5 OF TCW. (4 & 5 NOT YET OUT)

CENTRAL NATIONAL WSA BUREAU NO. 529

Starting with TCW #6 (Vol. 2 #1), TCW will have a new format. See later ads in TBG, TJ, TCP & THE COMIC WRITER for details.

TCW #1 - Strange Journey of Uranus I, Comic/Movie reviews, Shazam checklist, Watergate in the comics.
TCW #2 - 125 Horror & Sci-Fic films with capsule descriptions, two comic checklists, comic/movie & Star Trek reviews, the origin of Gyroman.
TCW #3 - 125 Horror & Sci-Fic films, Gyroman vs. Force, The Superman Story, Reviews.

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	Quarter Page 4 1/4 x 5 1/2	.65
	Eighth Page 4 1/4 x 2 1/2	.35
	Classified 15¢ per 40 character line	

SEND ORDERS TO: JOHN D. HEMMINGS, 22 EAST MILL ROAD, LONG VALLEY, NEW JERSEY 07853.

The first person to complete the "Justice League Find-a-Word" puzzle correctly will receive free one copy of T.C.P. Vol. 2 #2 (a 75¢ value) when published, or 75¢ in CASH! Yes, CASH! Be forewarned, however, this is but the FIRST T.C.P. contest! Next issue's contest will be a BIG surprise, so don't give up just because you don't win! (The winner will be named next issue - look for it.)

Contributors: Puzzles, games, mysteries, etc., are always needed and appreciated - each entry is carefully judged by me, the editor, for insertion into T.C.P. - Try your hand at it and good luck!

Big picture window for a view of space
Yes, like mine
nice lot with commercial space travelers
yes, pretty
situated in a nice neighborhood...close to stores, entertainment
Yes, all nice, unless it wasn't spelled correctly, you don't think it's peculiar
Mmm
Is this supposed to be here?

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MICHAEL GUSTOVICH '74

THE ORIGIN OF GREEN ARROW

by

John Hemmings

Edited by R.C.

One night long ago, in the misty South Seas, a wealthy playboy traveler tumbled off his transport ship. His name: Oliver Queen. In a vain attempt to attract his ships attention he used up most of his strength. Twenty-four hours later and an empty stomach after, he drifted to an island. Upon reaching shore, his need to sleep overcame his urgent need for food and water and he slept. All too soon, however, he was up and exploring the island for food, finding naught but an empty cavern. There he started a fire and drank from the fresh water pool within. Still in desparate need for food, he fashioned a primitive bow and arrow. For days he practiced, but caught barely enough to survive. Soon he became an expert with the weapon. When he shot his first fish he only wounded it, and it swam away with his only arrow. Later, he devised his first rope-arrow, a net arrow, and finally a drill arrow. Out of necessity he developed a green costume to camouflage himself while hunting. Thus, the first Green Arrow costume. After many days of hardship and hunger, due to the scarcity of food on the island, he spotted a ship. He swam out to meet it only to discover the crew had mutinied. Single-handedly, he overpowered the crew and steered the ship to a safe port. When the authorities asked him his identity, he answered "THE GREEN ARROW"!

THE ORIGIN OF SPEEDY
(Green Arrow's Partner)
by
John Hemmings
Edited by R.C.

It all began when a young boy, Roy Harper, went to see Green Arrow. He confronted him with a request to become his partner. Green Arrow took young Roy to a shooting range to test him. Instead of hitting the target, however, his shots were attracted to a nearby water tower. Roy then left and returned to the Indian who had become a father to him after his real father had died, and told him what had happened. Practice he was told by the Indian. Practice until he could score 100 out of 100. He did. Soon-after, he gained Green Arrow's attention by winning every event at a track meet. He asked for another chance and got it. Unfortunately, again he failed miserably. Later, when a gang of crooks escaped Green Arrow, Roy shot a flint arrow into the tire of their car and routed them just long enough for Green Arrow to capture them. Later when the crooks were in jail, Roy told Green Arrow how he had stopped the criminals from escaping him before, but, having seen Roy fail twice, Green Arrow disbelieved his story. Thus disgusted, Roy returned to the Indian giving up all hopes of becoming Green Arrow's partner. A few days later, Green Arrow showed up at Roy's home and explained to him how he had found the flint arrow-head in the tire, and told him that the shaft of the arrow must have been broken off while the car came to a halt. He also told Roy how, when he had taken a ride on the Magnetic Space Platform at the carnival all his arrows (except his flint arrows, which were not metal) were magnetized and would naturally be attracted to metal objects, like the water tower. Then Green Arrow offered to take on Roy as his partner. Roy graciously accepted. Because of his speed on the track, Green Arrow called him "SPEEDY".

JIM ROHN '74

MAIN LINES
By
Grim Jim Main
Edited by R.C.

Welcome to the first installment of my column, "MAIN LINES". Since this is my first column here in T.C.P., I'd like to explain that which I'll be doing here: discussion of both new and old comic book characters, maybe a review or two, and other general fannish discussion. I'd also like to thank Editor Russ Condello for allowing me space in his 'zine and also hope that you fans support him and his projects. Now onward... to a little thing I call

THE SAGA OF THE CREEPER: (OR, THE CREEPER, REVISITED!)

Steve Ditko, without a doubt, has to be one of the best comic artists around! I absolutely love the guy's artistic style! Is it any wonder why I enjoyed The Creeper series he did at National? Anyway, for the record, The Creeper first appeared in SHOWCASE #73, April, 1968 issue. The story begins as an underworld gang, headed by the notorious Angel Devlin, abducts a famous scientist; Professor Yatz. The mob shoots the Professor's assistant, gathers up his equipment and leaves for their hideout. While this is all going on, Jack Ryder, a very outspoken television program host, upsets his sponsor's friend, Dr. Clayton Watley (a crusader against all forms of violence) and loses his job. After the show, Watley demands an apology, which Ryder refuses to give, and Jack walks off. He is soon met by Bill Braine, the chief of the Network Security, who overheard Jack lost his job, and offers him employment as a network security investigator. Jack decides to take the job, and Braine tells him his first assignment: to rescue Professor Yatz from the hands of the underworld, and their contact man, a red agent, Major Smej, who is going to try to smuggle the professor back to the land of his birth. Working on a lead supplied to him from another investigator, Ryder arrives at a costume party, which presents a problem since he doesn't have a costume! So he rushes to a costume shop and buys a box of odds and ends, and creates a costume from them. A very strange costume at that: a green wig, a pair of green shorts with black stripes, red gloves and boots with black lace at the top, plus a lime-green top, with bottoms the same color, as well as his face, in the form of make-up. Jack then takes off for the party and begins his search for the Professor. He wanders through the party looking for clues when, in the next room he comes to, he is discovered by two hoods. In the skirmish he is stabbed but still defeats his opponents. Next he comes across another hood who seems to be guarding a door. He overpowers him and enters the door, closing it behind himself. There Ryder discovers his goal: Professor Yatz, but it is too late because the two hoods have them both trapped in the room now! Yatz quickly tells Ryder of his two discoveries while treating the investigator's wound. He tells Ryder of his serum which was developed primarily as a healing aid, but also provides greater strength and stamina. The Professor then shows him a fantastic little device which can rearrange the molecular structure of matter. He implants this device into Jack's wound and heals it with his serum. Jack also receives the activator for the matter device, which when pressed once, makes his outer clothes (costume) disappear, and when pressed a second

time his costume appears as if it had never been disturbed. Suddenly the guard that Jack had knocked unconscious awakes and shoots the professor accidentally while aiming for Ryder. Jack subdues the hood once again and discovers the Professor is dead. Then, without warning, the two hoods outside the room pry open the door. Jack leaps out and makes his escape through a nearby window after knocking over a few party-goers. One of these people turns out to be Dr. Watley who decides to call the police. Meanwhile, outside on the lawn, Jack fights his way through some of the mob's members and, thinking he was a hood dressed in a police uniform, strikes a real policeman. Jack manages to leap over a wall then, and puts his activator to use, just in time to evade the policeman's prying eyes. As Jack Ryder, he is not wanted by the policeman and is allowed to pass without being questioned. While trying to think of a way to "flush out" the hoods and Major Smaj from the house, they leave for the garage with the Professor's body, and to their get-a-way car. After changing back into his costume, Jack goes into the room where the Professor's body had been: it was gone. He then decides to check the garage and encounters Major Smaj and the underworld hoods. After slugging it out for a few minutes, Jack chances upon underworld leader Angel Devlin and defeats him, with punches and laughs galore! Suddenly the police arrive and Jack disappears. He later joins his boss Bill Braine (whom he had called just before he entered the house again) and tells him the entire story - except that he is THE CREEPER. Braine then asks why they call THE CREEPER, THE CREEPER!, to which Jack answers, "because he creeps, why else?" At the close of this book, we discover that both the underworld AND the law are after THE CREEPER and that Jack (The Creeper) Ryder decides to continue his role with the secrets that Professor Yatz had entrusted to him.

This appearance was a success so NATIONAL decided to give him his own book: CREEPER #1 appeared in June, 1968.

I will not give a detailed plot outline of that issue, or the issues beyond, because it is unnecessary, would oftimes be boring. Next issue will feature my comments on SHOWCASE #73, THE CREEPER #'s 1 & 2, and maybe just a surprise or two. Be here, Amigos,

Jim Main

P.S. With this article is the original art of page 27 of THE CREEPER #1 done by Steve Ditko!

AXELEY TRUSTED YOU! AND YOU PAID HIS TRUST WITH DEATH!
NOW, YOU SHALL BE PAID IN KIND! UGGN!
I SHOULD'VE SAVED MY SPEECH-MAKING TILL AFTER FORBES WAS BEHIND BARS!
HE'S DESPERATE ...SO DESPERATE HE DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S RUNNING STRAIGHT FOR KREG'S GUNMEN!
GOT...TO GET AWAY!
I GUESS I'M JUST A SOFTY AT HEART... I CAN'T LET EVEN A KILLER LIKE FORBES DIE WITHOUT A TRIAL!
THOSE THUGS ARE LINING UP NICELY! SWEET OF THEM TO BE SO HELPFUL!
HA HA
HA HA
HERE'S WHERE I COLLECT ME A FAT REWARD!
HA HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA
THAT'S RIGHT, FELLAS...STAND IN A STRAIGHT ROW FOR ME!
CAN'T GIT AHOLT OF HIM!
YOUR REWARD ISN'T QUITE WHAT YOU EXPECTED, IS IT, MORTAL?
OWW!
OOOG!

THE N. Y. CON: 1974

A REPORT BY RUSSELL CONDELLO

THIS WAS MY FIRST N.Y. CON, a con I will always remember. On July 3rd, 1974, I arrived at the Commodore Hotel to check in at about 3:00 p.m. After doing so, I left the hotel for a bite to eat and to see part of New York, after all, there was no need for me to pre-register THEN, why, there was still the whole day ahead of me. Boy, was I ever wrong! When I returned to the hotel at 9:30 p.m. the pre-registration desks were completely smothered with literally hundreds of fans and the huge ballroom was filled with dealers and their stocks just waiting to be set up in the even larger Dealer's Room (each 4' x 8' Dealer's table cost $150 and there were 150 tables in the Dealer's Room). Besides the main Dealer's Room, there were also two other rooms, at least 30' x 50' which also housed Dealer's Tables. These rooms, along with the main room had the tables of such big names as Bruce Hamilton, Bud Plant, Robert Weinberg, Alan Light, Street Pubs, the CPL Gang, Barry Smith, Bob Overstreet, Erb-Doms "Caz", The Warren table, Supersnipe, The D. C. Table, The Marvel Table and many, many more!

The First official day of the Con, July 4th, started as the Dealer's Rooms opened at 10:00 a.m. These rooms, filled with THOUSANDS of items, from Whiz #1 to next month's Donald Duck were all available, if you had the CASH for it. Yes, something for everyone; old comics, new comics, B & W mags, old movie items, original art, posters, buttons, books, give-a-ways, models, new and old fanzines, even an old Little Lulu lunch box were for sale. If you were looking for something even remotely related to Fandom, you should have had no problem getting it at THE CON.

Prices ranged from 15¢ for old beat up D.C. comics to over $5,000 for a painting by Vaughn Bode. Unfortunately for the fan, most dealers would not bargain down their prices, because if they did, they "would not make enough money to cover their overhead)meaning transportation, cost of hotel room, food, their original cost of the comics AND a profit!) or make it worthwhile to return NEXT year." In my opinion, this is what is inflating comic prices the most. But, on the other hand, it is them who make it so easy to complete a collection, make money, and get into Fandom. Ah, well, in every big business there will always be the dealer. But enough of that, let's get back to the Con.

Besides the Dealer's Rooms on the same floor, were four (4) special Parlors set aside by the bid daddy of the Con himself, Phil Seuling, for us fans to enjoy. These Parlors, A, B, C, and D contained the following:

Parlor A: was an artroom, Displays of original art by Howie Chaykin, Jeff Jones, Mike Kaluta, Vaughn Bode, Frank Frazetta, and Berni Wrightson among others were featured here. A fine display lasting the entire five (5) days of the Con.

Parlor B: The CHARLTON COURTESY ROOM. Paintings, illustrations, original art of Charlton characters and stories by their artists stood in prominance in this room. Besides that FREE copies of the new Charlton comics (including E-Man) were given away while they laster (10,000+ were given away in all); they only lasted three (3) days! Near the end of the Con this room was also used for the Amateur Art Contest, which had some rather fine art.

Parlor C: This room is where Hot Stuf #1 made its debut. Besides

this 'zine, you could find some fine original art by Ri Buckler being sold for $15 a page along with other, more expensive pi es by him and other artists. Also a small art display.

These first three Parlors were used by both fan or vers and Pros, while the last Parlor...!

Parlor D: The ACBA Exhibit Room. Here is where m t of the Pros came at one time or another to do sketches (unfortunate among all good things there is always an exception, here the exceptio ing that ou had to PAY for the sketches) for interested fans, and belie me, there were MANY interested fans - WITH MONEY! This parlor was ope for the first four (4) days, and saw many Pros among which were: Nea Adams (at one point to get a sketch from him you had to wait your number wh h was given out by him and, once the number got to 96!!!! - Not only th , but he was getting up to $100 for a twenty minute sketch!!), Howie haykin, Alan Milgrom, Pat Broderick, Marie Severin, Alan Weiss, Dave ochrum, Ralph Reese, Vincente Alcazar, Don Perlin, Frank Brunner, Bar Smith, AND MORE! This room was a poor choice to hold such a large gather g, as it was only about 15' x 20' and had NO AIR CONDITIONING!!! Still t is little fact kept FEW from entering.

On Sunday night they moved this event down one floor to the hall outside the Windsor Ballroom where it was much cooler and less crowded. This event lasted until about 2:00 a.m. Monday morning when the gathering of about 20 big name artists decided it was time to turn in.

Besides these Parlors A, B, C, D, three other rooms were set aside for the fan. They were: 1) The D.C. Junior Bullpen Room, 2)The Marvel Bullpen Room, and 3) The Windsor Ballroom (This room was one floor down, in the Lobby, and was the room where all nightly films were shown, the five auctions were held, and most special events took place.)

On a day to day schedule, the Con included:

Thursday, July 4: 10:00 - Dealer's Rooms open. 11:00 -Parlors A, B, C, D open. 12:00 noon -A welcome by Phil Seuling. 1:00 -A panel discussion: THE WOMEN IN THE COMIC BOOK FIELD - Speakers were Marie Severin, Irene Vartanoff, and Flo Steinberg, 2:30 -Panel discussion: MARVEL Comics, The Method and the Madness. Speakers: The Marvel Bullpen. 4 00 -Auction I. 5:30 -Bob Kane, Chalk Talk by the artist/creator of BATMAN, 7:30 - Dealer's Room and art exhibit rooms close. Film Programming begins. 2:58 a.m. Film programming ends.

Friday, July 5: 10:00 -Dealer's Rooms open. 11:00 - Parlors A, B, C, D open. 12:00 -Little Nemo slide show with Winsor McCa by Dr. M. Thomas Inge. 1:30 -Panel: The Package Stores. Speakers: Harry Chesler, S.M. "Jerry" Inger. 3:00 -Will Eisner and The Spirit. A slide show narrated by Will Eisner. 4:00 -John Romita talk on visual storytelling as an art. 6:00 -Auction #2. 7:30 -Dealer's Rooms, art and exhibit close. Film program begins. 2:49 a.m. program ends.

Saturday, July 6: 10:00 -Dealer's Rooms open. 11:00 -Parlors open and an interview with Joe Simon. 1:00 -Awards Luncheon with guests of honor Roy Thomas and Joe Simon, and Auction #3. 3:00 -Vaughn Bode Cartoon Concert with slides. 6:00 -Costume Parade. 7:30 -Dealer's Rooms and Parlors close, Film program begins. 2:41 a.m. program ends.

Sunday, July 7: 10:00 -Dealer's Rooms open 11:00 -Parlors open. 12:00 -Dave Parcel, slide show on comic strip art. 1:30 -Frank Robins

Interview. 2:30 -Forty years of comic books and twenty years of the Code. An interview with Leonard Darvin with the Administrator of the CCAA. 4:00 -Auction #4. 5:30 -Editor Roy Thomas interview. 7:30 -Dealers Rooms, Parlors close, film program begins. 2:24 a.m. film program ends.

Monday, July 8: 10:00 -Dealer's Rooms open. 11:00 -Parlors open. 12:00 -Presentations of Amateur Art Awards: 1974. 1:00 -Auction #5 (with the Vaughn Bode Painting). 2:30 -Panel discussion: Collection comic books. Speakers were well known collectors. 4:00 -Critique 1974 and Forecast 1975. 4:30 -Con Closes.

Through these five days an estimated 10,000 fans attended the Con, probably all with the same excitement and enthusiasm as me (or more so)!

Some of my outstanding moments of the Con were: Meeting Marie Severin, Neal Adams, Al Milgrom and George Perez, talking to each for about 1/2 hour. Seeing the costume parade walking down New York streets, TOUCHING WHIZ #1!, meeting Roy Thomas and buying over $200 worth of stuff for my collection.

The Costume Parade was a winner, with "Nixon" taking first place,"Two-face" coming in second, and "Satanna" and "Hawkgirl" coming in third (after the judging the entire group went out of the hotel for a stroll! You should have seen THAT!)

That was the Con for me. I missed the last day because of commitments at home, but boy, did I ever enjoy it while it lasted! Speaking along this line, however, here is a little bit of info that might come in handy if YOU ever decide to go to THE CON (or any con for that matter): To those of you who are rich, you can skip the rest of this paragraph; To you poor fans like myself, read on: COST OF MY STAY AT NEW YORK FOR THE 1974 CON: $70 for plane ride to Kennedy Airport, $40 Cab total while in New York, $22 each night for hotel room (4 nights, $88), $9 registration, about $100+ for food (very expensive in N.Y. around the Hotel Commodore), AND THEN about $250 for comics, mags, etc., just stuff that fit into my collection nicely.

Yes, it COSTS plenty to go to a Con, but to me it was worth every penny. Shortly after reaching home I set to work (?) reading all the stuff I bought at the Con and placing it in its proper place among my semi-large collection (about 4,000-5,000 comics, mags, 'zines, etc.). Now I am all done, the Con but a great memory and the thought of next year's Con already in my mind!

Thanx for reading this report and please send an L.O.C. on it to the editor soon.

PAX,

Russell Condello
Editor/Publisher T.C.P.

As Editor of T.C.P. I hope you enjoyed this issue and wish that you would stick around for T.C.P. Vol. 2 #2. Next issue will feature a few new items along with a new regular or two, some GREAT NEW ARTISTS, some more Pro Art, and a few surprises to boot. Hope to see you.

Russ
Editor T.C.P.

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Tip Botsis